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SATYR

UPON

Old MAIDS.

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A SATYR UPON *Old MAIDS.*

WHEN *Satyrs* daily lash with honest Rage,
Th' enormous Crimes, and Follies of the Age;
And fruitful Times we have of Knaves and Fools,
As if we'd built 'em Nurseries and Schools;
No sooner does the *Youth* to *Manhood* pass,
But nauseous *Beau* confirms him for an *Ass*:
As soon as *Miss* attains to *Gay Fifteen*,
Coquet nnd *Affectation* fill the Scene:
Yet when These for their Vices justly smart,
Attack'd as soon they begin their Part,
How comes it *Antiquated Maids* go free,
Those everlasting Theams for Railery:
The Case is plain, none in that *Kennel* rake,
For Fear they're damn'd for the lewd Suject's sake.

Yet lest (while none their keen Reflections give)
They think, they really deserve to live,
For once I'll say that *Dunghil* I'll expose,
Tho' all the while I'm forc'd to stop my Nose.

Resolv'd

Reſolv'd, I then invok'd my *Muſe*'s Aid,
And told the *Theam*, on which th' *Ætherial Maid*
Sunk in a Swoon, not able to endure
The naming of a Notion ſo impure:
At length recovering her Senſe again,
She anſwer'd thus (with Anger and Diſdain)
How dar'ſt thou, *Saucy Mortal* to diſgrace
Our *Inſpirations* with a *Thought* ſo baſe?
Can'ſt thou expect our *Influence* to find,
And let ſuch *filthy Traſh* poſſeſs thy Mind?
Do'ſt think that *We*, who always us'd to ſing,
Of *Youthful Beauties*, *Blooming* like the *Spring*,
Freſh as the *Morning*, *Orient* as the *Day*,
Mild as the Doves of *Venus*, *ſweet* as *May*;
That We, whoſe *Lays*, to theſe bright *Nymphs* belong,
Will ſtoop to make a *wither'd Hag* our Song?
Shall *We*, who make *Ambroſia* our *Repaſt*
Amongſt the *Gods*, on *Carrion* prey at laſt?
No--- Fool, our *Helicon*'s tranſparent Streams,
Agree not with ſuch fulſome, muddy Theams;
But if your ſordid, vitiated Mind,
Can any Pleaſure, in ſuch *Refuſe* find,
Full of themſelves, (tho ſcurvy, homely Stuff)
They'll yield you Matter, (ſuch as 'tis) enough;
But *Us*, ſuch Trumpery can never pleaſe:
Farewel, 'till nobler Thoughts your Fancy ſeize.
On that (with Frowns) ſhe took her haſty Flight,
And paſt the fluid Air, to Fields of Light.

Since

Since thus she did her wish'd-for Aid refuse,
My *Indignation* now shall be my *Muse*,
And *Hatred* to those *Harpies* may inspire
With *Malice*, to the Height of my Desire.

Not all the *poyson'ous* Drugs *Physicians* give,
Their *Patients*, whilst by Miracles they live;
Not *Thieves* to *Misers*, loaded with their Stores;
Not *Innervated Age*, to *Rampant Whores*;
Not to the *Proud*, *Contempt*; or loud *Disgrace*
To *States-men*; nor *Small-Pox* t an *Handsome Face*;
Not *Hissing* to a *Poet*, when he's thought,
The Pit, and Box's *Praise*, he's dearly bought;
Not *Forma Paup'ris* to a *Lawyer*, while
He dawns the *Cause*, which nothing brings but *Toil*;
To none of These, those *hateful Objects* be
So odious, as these Wretches are to me:
Yet for a while, I'll labour to controul
The strong *Antipathy*, hath seiz'd my Soul;
And bare the tort'ring Thoughts of that *Curst Crew*,
Eas'd by the Hopes, I may *torment them* too.

Rebels to humane Nature, and therein
Your Lives are one continu'd Act of Sin;
The End of your *Creation* was design'd,
To propogate the Species of Mankind;
To succour them, and chearfully beguile,
With soft Caresses, their Fatigues and Toil;

But you, like impious Traytors, dare dispence
With that great Ordinance of *Providence*,
Live in Defiance of the Will of Heav'n,
And thus are *Rebels* both to *God* and *Men*,
Not answ'ring your chief End you plainl'appear,
To forfeit all your Right to *Living* here;
And wherefore shou'd you *Live*, since we can find
No Use you're of, but as to *Men* you're join'd;
For then Affairs Domestic, ask your Care,
And Children your industr'ous Labours share;
But you're meer *Drones*, nay worse, retain your Sting,
And *Bag* of Venom, but no Honey bring:
The Lumber of the Earth, and croud the Stage,
Alone to tempt the *Curses* of the *Age*;
While you, like *wicked Vermin*, feed upon
The Fruits the Earth produce, yet bring us none:
But if you needs must live, retire to' Holes,
And hide your fatal Heads, like boading Owls;
There hoot your Miseries to sullen Night,
And stain not with your Presence purer Light;
For here is no Converse that fits your Lives,
Since such Discourse, that's modest held in Wives,
Were Impudence in you, and would betray
A Lewdness, which in them is only gay.
To *blooming Virgins* your Converse is worse,
For they behold you as their Sex's Curse,
A ruinous and yawning Sepulcher,
Threatning their youthful Sweetness to interr;

But when our Converſation you infeſt,
We look upon you as a common Peſt,
Sent down in Judgment for our Sins, and thence
Avoid you as the Scourge of *Providence:*

'Tis true, the witty *W---n* did comply,
(Tempted by Indigence, and Bribery)
With a Friend's Overture, to *HAVE* and *HOLD*
An ancient *Maid* with mighty Heaps of Gold;
But ſoon he wiſh'd the Knot unty'd again,
And thus in Miſery was heard complain:
'Wretch that I am, how have I anger'd Heav'n,
'Thus to be made the moſt accurſt of Men?
'What great Offences have my Soul poſſeſt,
'Or what enormous Guilt hath ſtain'd my Breaſt,
'That Plague, or Leproſy, the Gout or Stone,
'Were not ſufficient Puniſhment alone,
'But I muſt be by *Fate* condemn'd to dwell
'In ſuch a direful, and perpetual Hell.
'To be tormented by a curs'd *She-Fiend*,
'Without the bleſſed proſpect of an End?
'Much happ'er had I been, ſome common *Punk*
'In Marriage to have join'd however ſhe ſtunk;
'Tho foul Diſeaſes had ſhed all her Locks,
'A better *Portion* were her *Claps* and *Pox*:
'Nay, tho' a rotten, leaky, old Flux'd Whore,
'Than this foul *Mummy*, with her Wealthy Store,
'At Night, when ſhe unlaces her rank Hide,
'Foul Vapours iſſue out on ev'ry ſide,

Breathing

'*B*reathing ſtrong *Peſtilence*: her languid Fleſh,
'Sodden, appears cook'd for the *Devil*'s Diſh:
'Her *B*reath is ranker than the Fumes of Stys
'Which from black Stumps and putrid Lungs does riſe
'VVhile a thick, dreggy Gum flows from her Eies:
'Moiſt pendant *Pearls*, her Noſe tranſparent grace,
'The only Ornament about her Face:
'*Had Ovid's Jupiter* beheld her, how
'I'd bleſs'd him, to have chang'd her to a *Sow*;
'The cleanl'er *B*eaſt, which ſooner'd raiſe Deſire,
'Tho' riſing from a Jakes, or ſtinking Mire:
'Thus he complain'd. ---- And you're all ſuch or worſe,
Foul beaſtly *Queans*, and *Witches* too by courſe:
Unravel *Hiſtory*, and ſoon you'll find,
Moſt of theſe miſcreant VVretches of that kind:
Stale Maids, grown all the VVorld's Diſtaſte and Scorn,
VVhoſe nauſeous Converſe could no more be born,
Retiring to blind Cottages, and there,
VVith Malice ſwell'd, and plung'd into Deſpair,
The Sc ffs of others to Revenge, they ſell
Their *B*lackned, envious rancour'd Souls to *Hell*;
Study Mankind's D ſtruction, leagu'd with Fiends,
To perpetrate their curs'd and cruel Ends;
Tho when their Date's expir'd, full well they know,
They'll paſs through Flames above, to Flames below.

If Poultry of unknown Diſeaſes dye,
Or Cattle, no body knows how, or why,

E'en

E'en burnt the next *old Maid*, no matter which,
For if ſhe's not, ſhe'll quickly be a *Witch* :
But if from *Witchcraft*, you'd be always free,
Scratch all the *Antiquated Maids* you ſee,
Scratch till the Blood ſpins out, for that (tis told)
Will ſoon oblige thoſe *Hags* to quit their Hold.

Polecats and *Otters* are far ſweeter, whence
We ne'er ſhould be without the *Peſtilence*,
Were not our Clime propitious to us, where
Such frequent Storms ariſe, to purge the Air :
The Reaſon's obvious, Nicety in *Dreſs*,
Is not to pleaſe your ſelves, but to expreſs
Your ſelves deſirable to other's Eies,
But when you find the World your Cares deſpiſe,
You ceaſe the fruitleſs Toil, and *Dreſs* neglect,
Since none your *Dreſs*, or you will more reſpect,
Naſty, rank, rammy, filthy Sluts you grow,
Nor more to Art, or Nature longer owe ;
Perhaps you may be furbiſh'd, when you dare
Unkennel, to infect the purer Air ;
Yet then you're but gay Tombs, whoſe painted *Pride*,
Foul Stench and Rottenneſs within does hide.

No ſurfeited old Horſe e'er underwent
Such Numberleſs Diſeaſes as are pent
In your foul Carcaſes, which I'd repeat,
But that the Subject's not ſo very ſweet.

By Nature's Light, the *Pagan Indians* ſee,
What Nuſances theſe loathſome Creatures be,

And therefore their *young Virgins* they enjoyn
To sell their *Maidenheads*, and with the Coin,
To purchase Husbands, who polluted *Beds*
Thinkless unclean, than *musty Maidenheads*.

Divine *Ligurgus* wisely did provide
Each *Maid* as soon as *ripe*, should be a *Bride*,
Compelling them in publick to resort,
And *stript*, the more t'allure the *Youth* to Court;
If any did refuse, Reproach and Shame,
Were after branded on her loathed Name.

Methinks I hear some *antique Penitent*,
With Mandrake Voice, her nanseous Breath thus vent:
'If now we see the Folly of our Youth,
'And are convinc'd, that all you say is Truth,
'Alas! the time is past to change our Lives,
'For who, the Devil will take us for VVives?
'Since 'tis not in our Pow'r, as 'twas at first,
'Must we, for what's too late to help, be curst?
Yes; yon may help it, *Nature* does produce
Enough of filthy Scum, fit for your Use;
Such as discharge our Jakes, scour Kennels, Sinks,
VVhose Nature is by Custom fed with Stinks;
Those may find what may tempt 'em to be Lovers,
Pleas'd with the *Hogo*, which would poison others.

Search *Hospitals*, where VVretches may be found,
VVho scarce remember that they e'er were sound;
Lepers and *Leachers* fill'd with *Stench* and *Sores*,
The Relicts of staun h *Bauds*, and leaky *Whores*;

Theſe, when they find, their State can be no worſe,
May venture *Wedlock* with you for a Nurſe.

Court all the *Zanies*, *Idiots*, *Dolts* you meet,
(You cannot miſs of ſome in ev'ry Street)
Theſe, if you can patch up your wither'd Skin,
May be ſnapt in the *Matrimonial Gin* :
'Tis true, their *Slaves* you muſt expect to be
Condemn'd to ſerve their vileſt Drudgery ;
Not from the worſt Indignities exempt,
Be beat to Jelly, piſs'd on with Contempt ;
Deſpiſed, derided, ſcorn'd ; and yet all this,
Were to your preſent State, a perfect Bliſs ;
For then to *One alone*, you'd live in Thrall,
Whilſt now you are the Scorn and Sport of *All* :
Beſides you'ave this for comforting your Hearts,
You ne'er can match beneath your own Deſerts.

Your *ſweet Conditions* are like all the reſt,
By Impulſe of the *Fiend*, who rules your Breaſt,
There ſits he forging wicked *Lies* in Throngs,
Spread afterwards by your *eternal Tongues* ;
But ſtill with a pernicious, foul Deſign,
Some *ſpotleſs Innocence* to undermine ;
Or *Lovers* to betray, or to create
Feuds, and foment 'em, in the *Nuptial State* ;
Your Ends obtain'd, at *weaker Fiends* you ſmile,
As ign'rant to perform ſuch ſubtle Guile ;
You *triumph* then with Joy, and inward grin,
And hug your *ugly ſelves*, and hug your *ugly Sin*.

When Miſchiefs offer not, then 'tis your Boaſt,
What *Opportunities* your Pride has loſt;
How *charming* in your *Youth*, what Offers miſs'd,
While all the while, your *Tale* and *you* are hiſs'd;
Your *Years* now ſuch *Deformities* betray,
Not one beſtows a *Faith* on all you lay.

Oh that ſome wiſe *Projector* would invent
Some yet unfelt, unheard of Puniſhment;
Or rather ſuch a *Gin*, might all inſnare,
Diſpatch ye then, and better *Vermine* ſpare;
What *Trophies* ſhould we rear up to his Fame,
And how much celebrate his honour'd Name:
With all Alacrity we'd join our Aids,
So any way we might be rid, of theſe *ſtale, ſtinking Maids.*

POSTSCRIPT.

WE expect the foregoing *Satyr* ſhould paſs under the like Acceptation with moſt *General Rules*, which are not free from ſome *Exceptions*; being well aſſur'd there be ſome who continue *Maids* to *Old Age*, through Choice, on *prudent* or *pious Conſiderations*; who deſerve all the *Encomiums* can be merited by the *Beſt* of their *Sex*.

FINIS.